NO.11 THRILLING TALES OF SUSPENSE DEC. 10¢

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

AMAZING TALES
1D
LN

HELP ME, CARL! THE SKELETON IS PUSHING ME IN!

I'M TRAPPED BY THE QUICKSAND! I'M **SINKING**!

THE TRAP OF TERROR.

AND OTHER STORIES

TALES OF HORROR

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STARTLING COMICS
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
EXCITING COMICS
STRANGE WORLDS
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM
JETTA
BARNYARD COMICS
ALLY OOP!
GLUE
EXCITING COMICS
EERIE
EXCITING COMICS
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES
STARTLING COMICS
CASH PRIZES GIVEN

AMAZING BARGAINS

Rings

Ladies' & Men's Engagement, Wedding, Friendship Rings

YOUR CHOICE $1.94

17. Men's Ring with 2 sparkling simulated diamonds and ruby in center. Yellow gold color effect mounting.

69. Men's Ring—sparkling center stone. White gold color effect.

26. Men's Ring with large simulated Ruby, also in assorted colored stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.

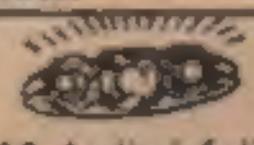
75. Men's Ring—sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect (1 kt. size stone).

68. Men's Ring—flashing extra large simulated diamond. White or yellow gold color effect.

66. Men's Ring—flashing simulated diamond—smaller stone on each side. White or yellow gold color effect.

73. Ladies' Cameo Ring. Yellow gold color effect.

44. Men's Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



39. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. 3 sparkling simulated diamonds. White gold color effect.

53. Egyptian Ring—unusual design. Very odd.

64. Men's simulated large square cut ruby, also assorted colored stones. Yellow gold color effect.

74. Men's Ring—brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow gold color effect. Gypsy setting.

38. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Center stone is genuine diamond chip. Solid sterling silver mounting.

23. Ladies' Engagement Ring, exceptionally brilliant simulated diamond. Tiffany Style setting. White or yellow gold color effect.

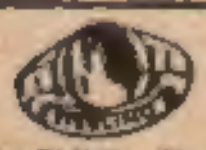
33. Large Ladies' Ring. Simulated diamond—2 smaller sized stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.

58. Indian Head Ring. Head is stamped in gold leaf.

20. Ladies' Engagement ring with 5 brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect.

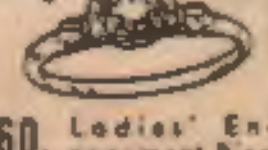
57. Hand Carved Cocoa Nut Ring—Indian Head.

70. Men's Ring—fine simulated diamond. Yellow gold color effect.



10. Child's Signet Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect or Sterling Silver.

7. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver with 2 hearts linked. Forget-me-not design.

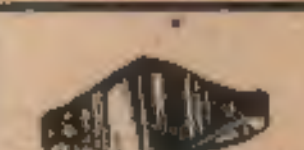


60. Ladies' Engagement Ring set with large center simulated diamond and small stones on sides. Yellow gold color effect.

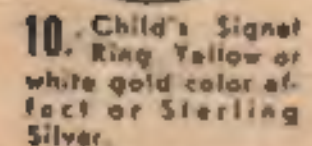
18. Ladies' Birthstone Ring. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver. Give month of birth for proper stone color.

67. Men's Ring—large brilliant simulated white diamond. White gold color effect.

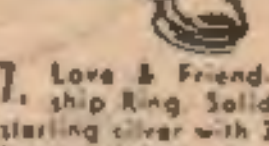
12. Men's Ring with simulated diamond in square mounting. Yellow or white gold color effect.



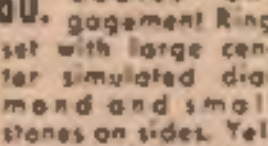
35. Men's Signet Ring. White gold color effect or sterling silver.



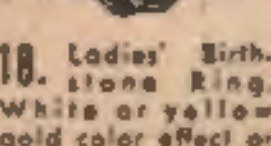
43. Ladies' Wedding Band. 7 large brilliant simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver.



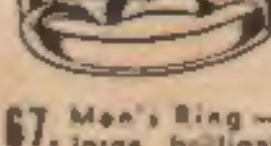
4. Friendship Ring—solid sterling silver. Smart popular Sweetheart design.



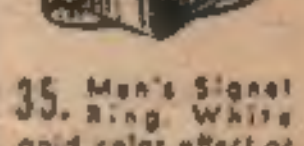
19. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement ring. Filigree mounting white gold color effect or sterling silver.



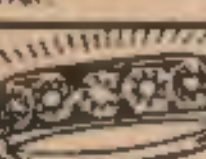
25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



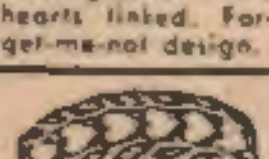
30. Ladies' Birthstone Ring—imitation stones come in all colors. Sterling silver mounting (Stamped in Ring). State color stone desired.



61. Ladies' Engagement Ring with 5 large brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect.

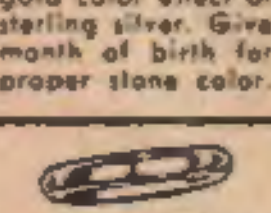


24. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver. Beautifully engraved. Also used as Wedding ring.

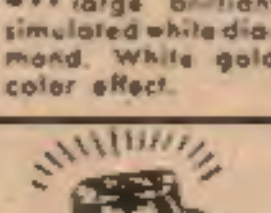


37. Love & Friendship Ring. Chased design—also used as wedding ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.

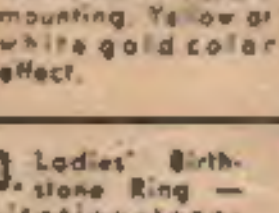
5. Men's Ring with single sparkling simulated diamond—yellow gold color effect.



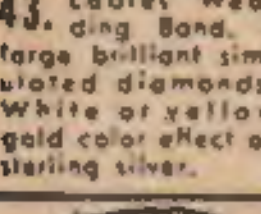
11. Wedding Ring. Raised floral design. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver.



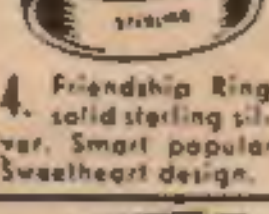
71. Ladies' Engagement ring. White gold color effect. Tiffany setting. Large single stone.



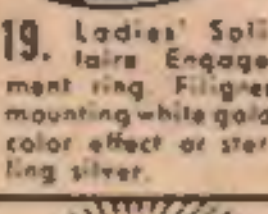
76. Ladies' Ring. Yellow gold color effect. (Fancy Design. Large single stone.



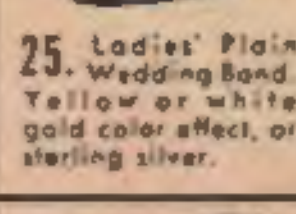
48. Wedding Band with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver.



41. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large center simulated diamond and 6 smaller stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.

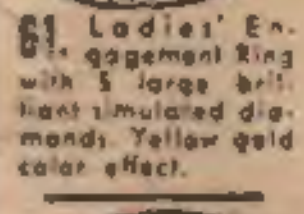


45. Cocoa Nut Ring Hand Carved. Set with simulated pearl. (Comes in various designs.)



77. Ladies' Engagement Ring. Simulated diamond with smaller stone on each side. White gold color effect.

72. Men's Large Cameo Ring—black & white or brown & white stone. White gold color effect, or sterling silver.



22. Ladies' Solitaire engagement ring. Extra large, brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.

65. Extra Large Dinner Ring—yellow gold plate over sterling silver. Stone comes in all colors.

YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN 10 DAYS

SEND NO MONEY: Just select ring you desire, indicate choice by number on coupon below—mail with ring size, name and address. (For ring size place string or piece of paper around finger. Mark where end reaches. Send with order.) When postman delivers package pay him $1.94 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If you send $2 cash or money order with order, we pay all postage.

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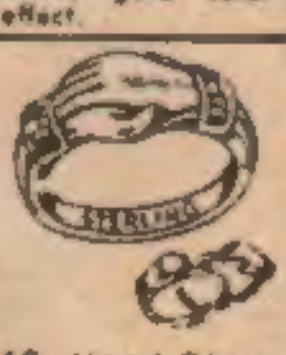

42. Hand Cleld Love & Friendship Ring. Rings come apart to form 2 rings. Made of sterling silver.

NOTE: *Nite Jewelry is still scarce. We may not always have your size in the style you want. To avoid disappointment please mark 2nd and 3rd choice in coupon.*

SEND ALL ORDERS TO:

HAREM CO. *(House of Rings)*
30 Church St., Dept T—7 New York 7, N. Y.

Send me ring style I have indicated. I'll pay postman $1.94 plus postal and C.O.D. charges. ☐ I am enclosing $2 with order, you pay all postal charges. If I am not satisfied I may return the ring within 10 days and get my money back.

	Style No.		Style No.		Style No.		
First Choice	☐	Second Choice	☐	Third Choice	☐	Ring Size	☐

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

ORDERS OUTSIDE U.S.A. MUST SEND $2 CASH WITH ORDER

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PRINTED IN U. S. A.

ON A DESPERATE JOURNEY TO FAR OFF LANDS, SEARCHING FOR THE WRECK OF THE *SEA URCHIN* AND THE BELONGINGS OF HIS DROWNED SWEETHEART, YOUNG DENNY O'GRADY LEARNED THE STRANGENESS AND MYSTERY OF THE SEA... A WICKED PIRATE, LONG DEAD, CONTINUED TO GUARD HIS DOMAIN! A MONSTROUS SHARK SAVED A DROWNING MAN! YOU MAY SAY THIS IS AN IRISH LEGEND, A FAIRY TALE! BUT READ THE STORY OF DENNY O'GRADY AND HIS STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH...

THE TERROR OF THE SUNKEN SHIPS

I WARNED YOU TO GET OFF THIS SHIP! UGH... THE SHARK'LL GET ME!

YOU KILLED MYRA!

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHILE ALL IRELAND WAS IN REBELLION, A BOY AND A GIRL FOUND LOVE! LITTLE DID THEY DREAM THAT THEIR IDYLL WOULD SHATTER... SO VERY SOON!

MY BEAUTIFUL MYRA, 'TIS YOU I LOVE!

MY OWN DENNY! I WILL LOVE ONLY YOU. FOREVER!

THAT VERY NIGHT THE REDCOATS RAIDED THE TOWN AND MYRA SAW HER MOTHER KILLED!

TAKE THAT, YOU REBEL!

AAARGH!

NO! MOTHER...

THE NEXT DAY THE INDIGNANT TOWNSFOLK GATHERED IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE TO LISTEN TO MYRA'S FATHER!

...SO IT IS AGREED THAT WE WILL LEAVE THIS PLACE, TAKE OUR WEALTH, AND SAIL FOR AMERICA!

YES, YES! WE WANT FREEDOM!

I HATE TO LEAVE YOU BEHIND, DENNY!

DON'T WORRY, DARLIN'...I'LL JOIN YOU IN AMERICA AFTER I SELL THE LANDS!

SOON AFTER...THE VILLAGERS STARTED ON THEIR LONG VOYAGE... THE LOVERS SWORE ETERNAL, BUT ALL TOO PROPHETIC VOWS OF LOVE!

GOODBYE, DENNY! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU FOREVER!

I'LL FOLLOW YOU, MYRA, WHEREVER YOU ARE!

WEEKS LATER AT SEA...THE IMMIGRANTS...

A SHIP! I FEAR...A PIRATE SHIP!

IT'S THE WHITE SKULL!

THAT'S THE BOAT OF THE PIRATE, CAPT. BARKER!

AVAST THERE...WE MEAN TO BOARD YOU!

CAPT. BARKER, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OUR CARGO AND LET OUR SHIP GO?

WE'LL DO IT MY WAY! I WANT THAT PART OF THE CARGO..... THAT GIRL! SHE SHALL BE MY HOSTAGE

NO, NO!

LET MY DAUGHTER BE...TAKE ME INSTEAD!

NO!/NO! LEAVE ME ALONE!

I'LL PUT YOU OUT ON THE DECK FOR AWHILE! MAYBE WHEN YOU'RE COLD YOU'LL LIKE MY ROOM BETTER!

LATER IN THE PIRATE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.....

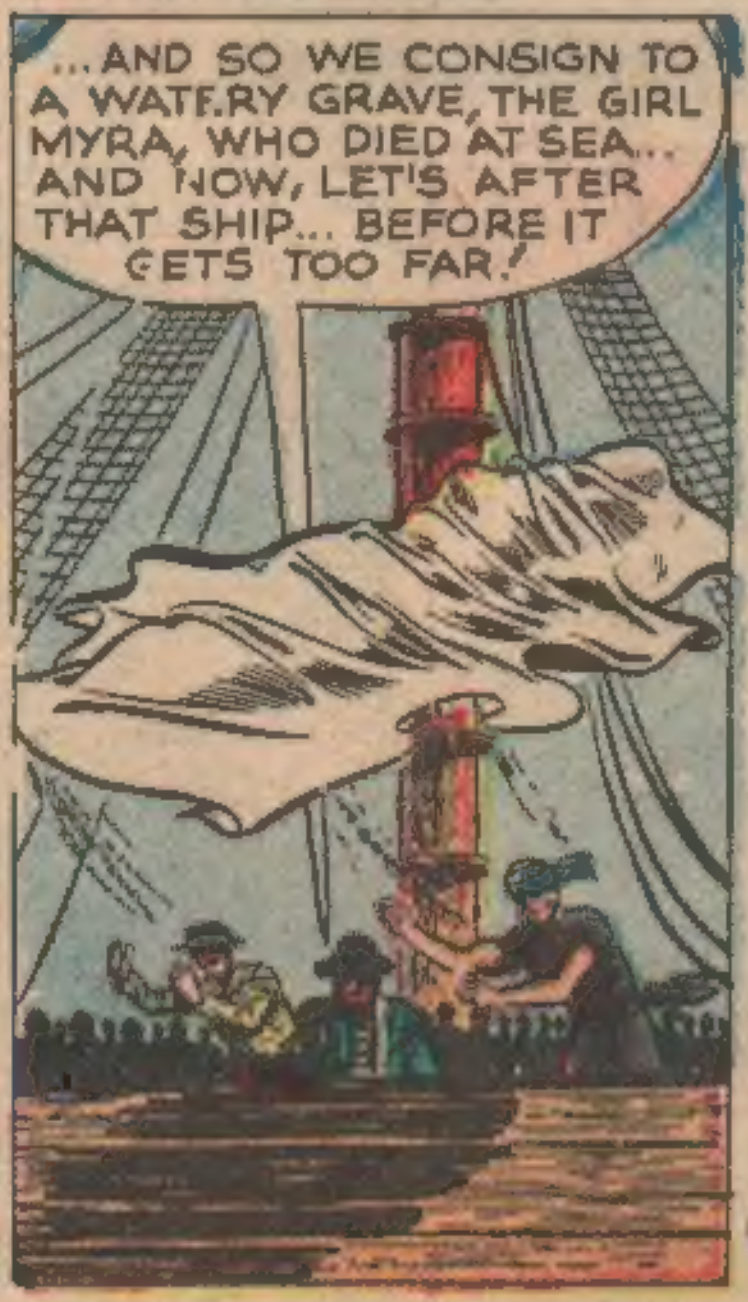
THAT NIGHT GAVE MYRA HER CHANCE... SHE CUT THE ROPES TYING THE *SEA URCHIN* TO THE PIRATE SHIP!

BUT THE PIRATE CAPTAIN SOON DISCOVERED WHAT MYRA HAD DONE!

YOU LOOSENED MY FINEST PRIZE... I'LL GET RID OF YOU NOW!

WITH GRIM IRONY, CAPTAIN BARKER WENT THROUGH A SEA BURIAL OF THE GIRL HE HAD KILLED!

...AND SO WE CONSIGN TO A WATERY GRAVE, THE GIRL MYRA, WHO DIED AT SEA... AND NOW, LET'S AFTER THAT SHIP... BEFORE IT GETS TOO FAR!



MYRA'S BRAVE DEED ALMOST SAVED THE "SEA URCHIN", BUT IN THE DARK NIGHT IT FOUNDERED ON ROCKS AND ALL HANDS WERE LOST!

WITH THE COMING OF DAWN, CAPT. BARKER HAD TO LEAVE!

SOME DAY I'LL COME BACK FOR THE GOLD!

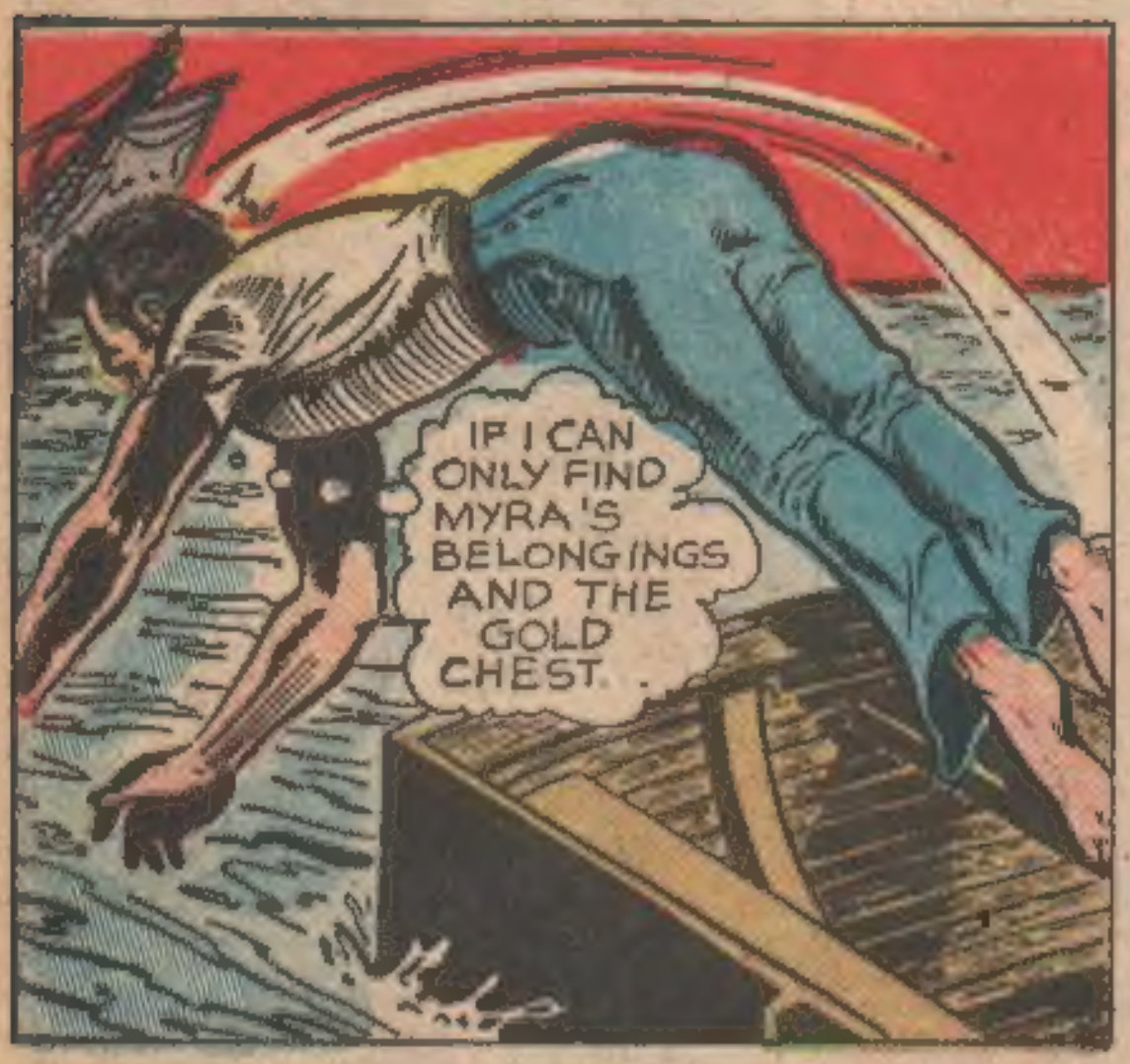
A YEAR LATER, DENNY FIRST LEARNED THE TRAGIC STORY OF HIS BELOVED MYRA AND THE FATE OF THE *SEA URCHIN* AT THE HANDS OF THE PIRATE, CAPT. BARKER!

MYRA... MYRA! I MUST FOLLOW YOU... FIND THE VILLAGE WEALTH... AND GET VENGEANCE ON CAPTAIN BARKER!

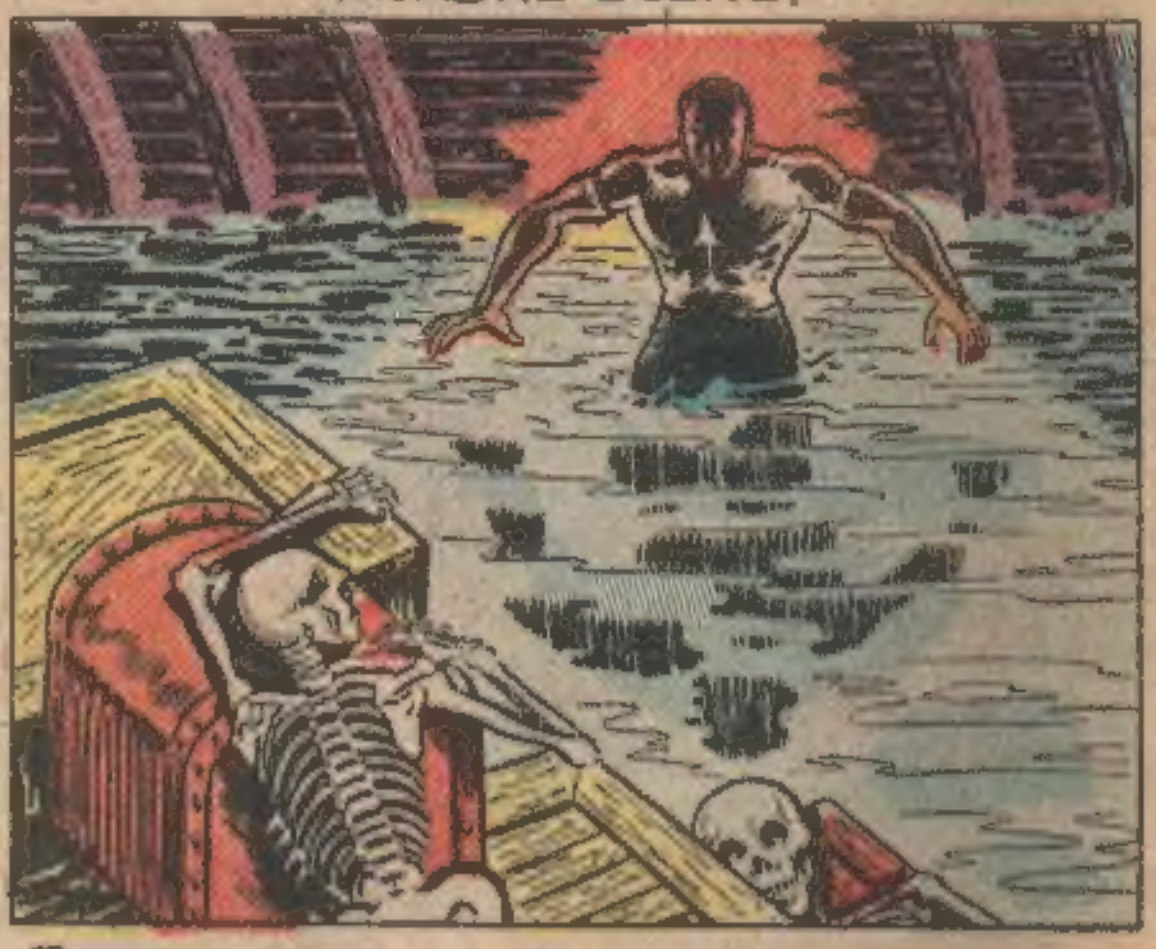
AT LAST DENNY ARRIVED IN AMERICA AND FOUND HIS WAY TO THE SEACOAST TOWN OF SANDY CAPE!

AFTER A HEARTY DINNER, DANNY TOLD THE FRIENDLY FOLKS HIS STORY!

DENNY COULDN'T BE DISSUADED, SO OLD RUSTY SHOWED HIM THE POSITION OF THE WRECKED *SEA URCHIN* THROUGH THE TELESCOPE!

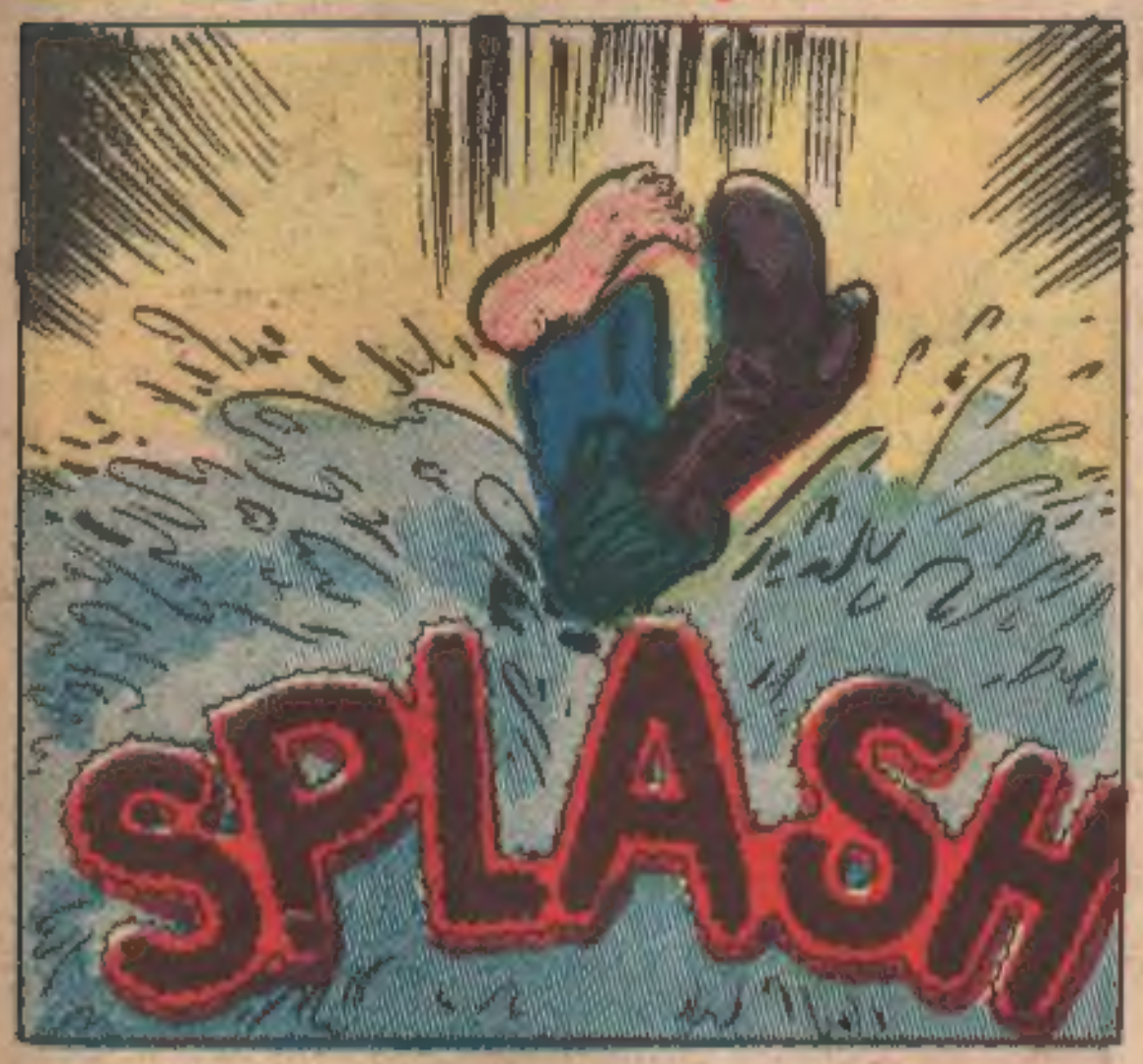


WHEN DENNY REACHED THE HOLD OF THE WRECKED SHIP, HE CAME UPON A MACABRE SCENE!

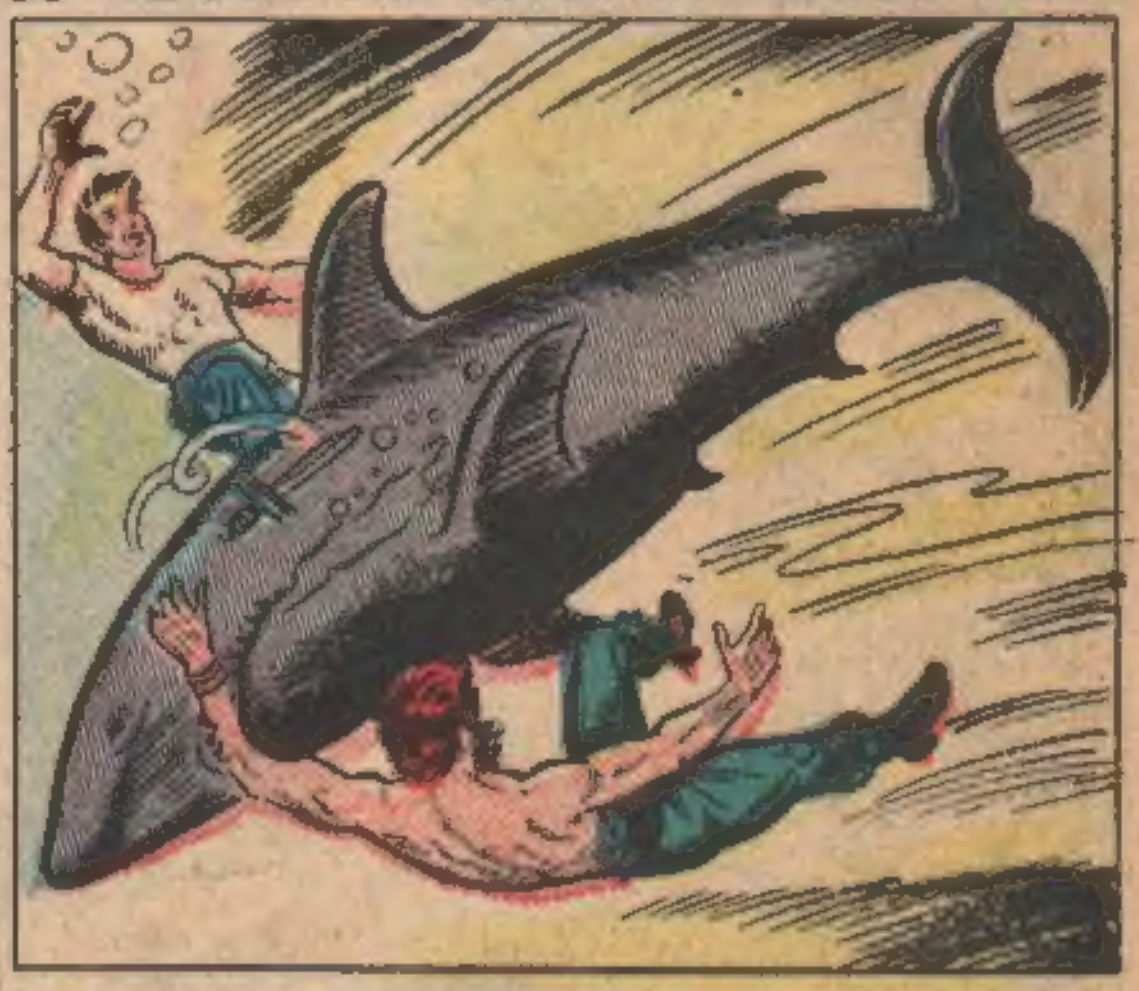


JUST THEN THE GRINDING SOUND OF A SHIP PULLING ALONGSIDE STARTLED DENNY!

A MOMENT LATER...ON DECK!



AS CAPTAIN BARKER WAS ABOUT TO DELIVER HIS FATAL BLOW TO THE WOUNDED DENNY.. THE SHARK ATTACKED HIM...



UNABLE TO SWIM BECAUSE OF HIS WOUND, THE DROWNING DENNY SAW AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT...THE SHARK WAS CHANGING INTO A GIRL... MYRA!

TWO MEN PASSING ON SHORE RESCUE DENNY!

HE'S ALIVE!

LET'S GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL!

AS SOON AS HE COULD TALK, DENNY TOLD HIS RESCUERS HIS AMAZING EXPERIENCES, BUT OF COURSE NO ONE BELIEVED HIM!

...AND THE SHARK BIT OFF HIS ARM, AND THE SHARK CHANGED INTO MYRA...

...IT WAS THE *WHITE SKULL*...AND *CAPTAIN BARKER*! BARKER STABBED ME... WE BOTH FELL IN THE WATER...THAT'S WHEN THE SHARK ATTACKED! ...*MYRA DO YOU HEAR... MYRA IS CALLING ME!*

DENNY... COME... TO... ME...

DON'T BE AFRAID OF • DEATH, • DENNY... TRUST ME!

I'M COMING, MYRA *AAAAAGH!*

POOR BOY, HE WAS DELIRIOUS! THE OLD PIRATE SHIP, *THE WHITE SKULL*, WAS WRECKED WITH CAPTAIN BARKER AND ALL HANDS DROWNED, OVER A YEAR AGO!

...AND HE IMAGINED THE SHARK TURNED INTO MYRA AND SAVED HIM FROM DROWNING!

KNOCK, KNOCK! KNOCK, KNOCK!

I'LL SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR!

I HEARD YOU RESCUED THIS LAD AND... LOOK WHAT WAS WASHED ASHORE!

WHY, THAT'S...

BARKER

..WHY IT'S THE SEVERED ARM OF THE PIRATE CAPTAIN!

A FANTASTIC THOUGHT STRUCK OLD RUSTY..

I'M GOING TO LOOK THROUGH THE TELE-SCOPE... IF THE STORY YOU SAY HE TOLD IS TRUE, THEN..

I'M GOING WITH YOU!

MY GOD! IT CAN'T BE!

RUSTY LET ME SEE!

(GASP!) BUT THE PIRATE SHIP IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA AT HAITI!

WHITE SKULL

SEA URCHIN

ALL THIS IS BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING! IT'S A MYSTERY OF THE SEA!

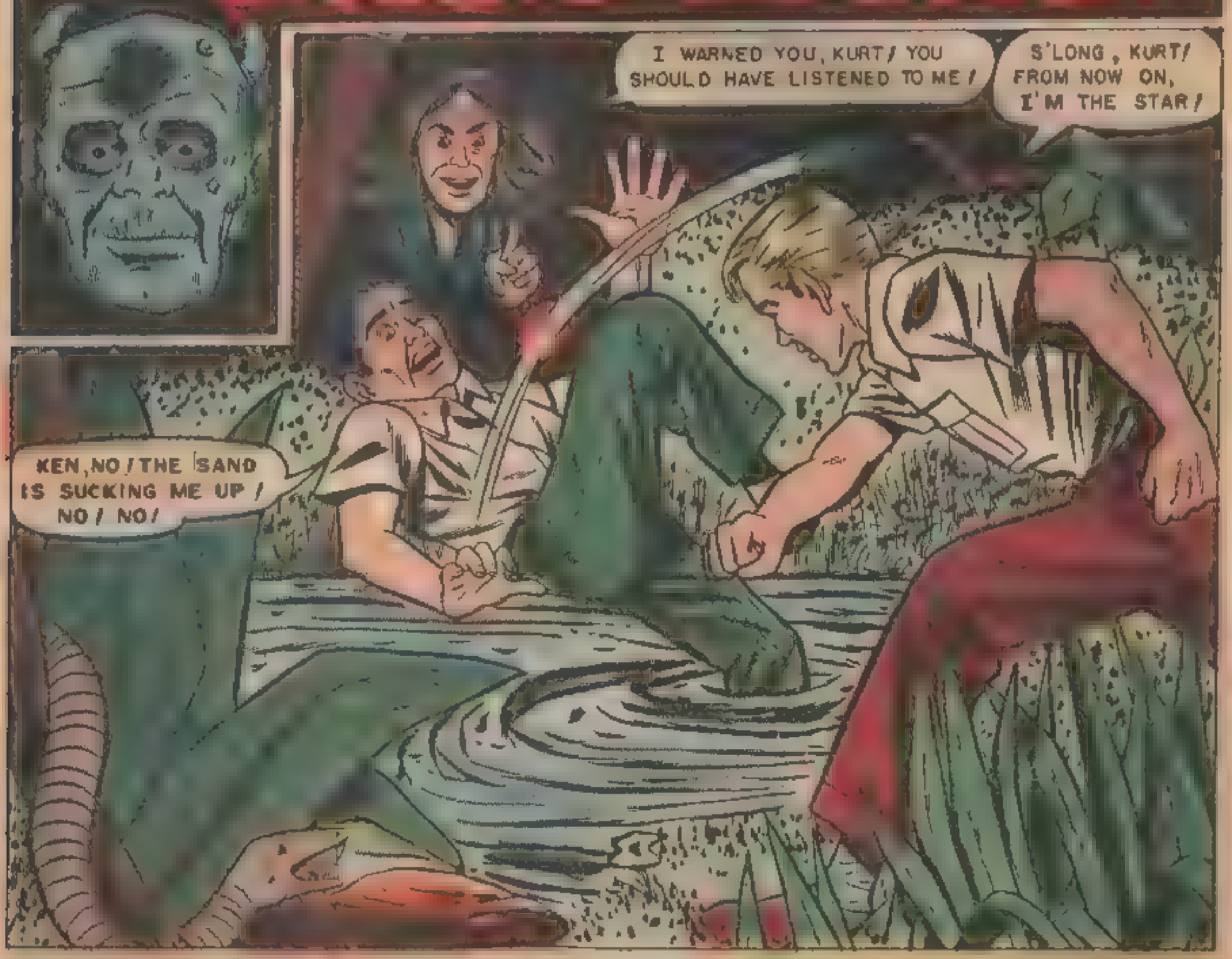
NO ONE WOULD EVER BELIEVE THIS STORY!

NO, NO ONE WOULD EVER BELIEVE THAT LOVERS COULD BE TRUE EVEN IN DEATH, THAT THE GHOST OF A LOVELY GIRL COULD INHABIT A SHARKS BODY, THAT A PIRATE CAPTAIN WHO DIED ONCE COULD RETURN TO LIFE TO DIE AGAIN! BUT THERE IS THE PIRATE CAPTAINS ARM!...AND THERE ARE THE TWO WRECKS! AND, HEH, HEH, EVERY-ONE KNOWS TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION!!

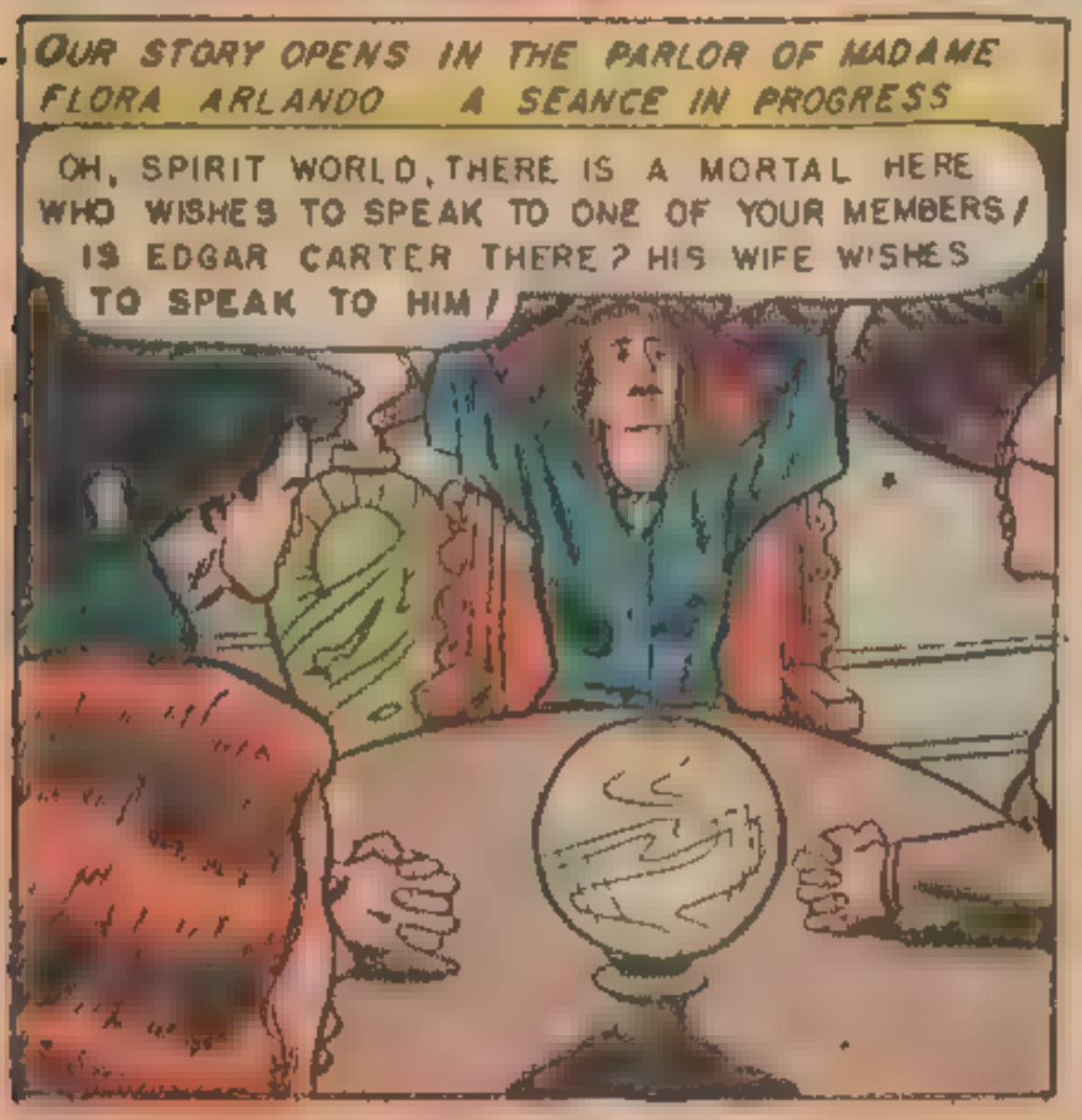
THE END

HERE'S A SPIRITED TALE FOR YOU! OUR SAGA OF HORROR DEALS WITH MOVIES AND MEDIUMS, GHOSTS AND GRAVES, MAYHEM AND MURDERERS--LIKE KURT CALHOON! POOR KURT HE SHOULD HAVE HEEDED MADAME ARLANDO'S WARNING! THE PENALTY FOR HIS MISTAKE WAS DEATH! YES, THE NIGHT WAS FILLED WITH TERROR WHEN MADAME ARLANDO HELD..

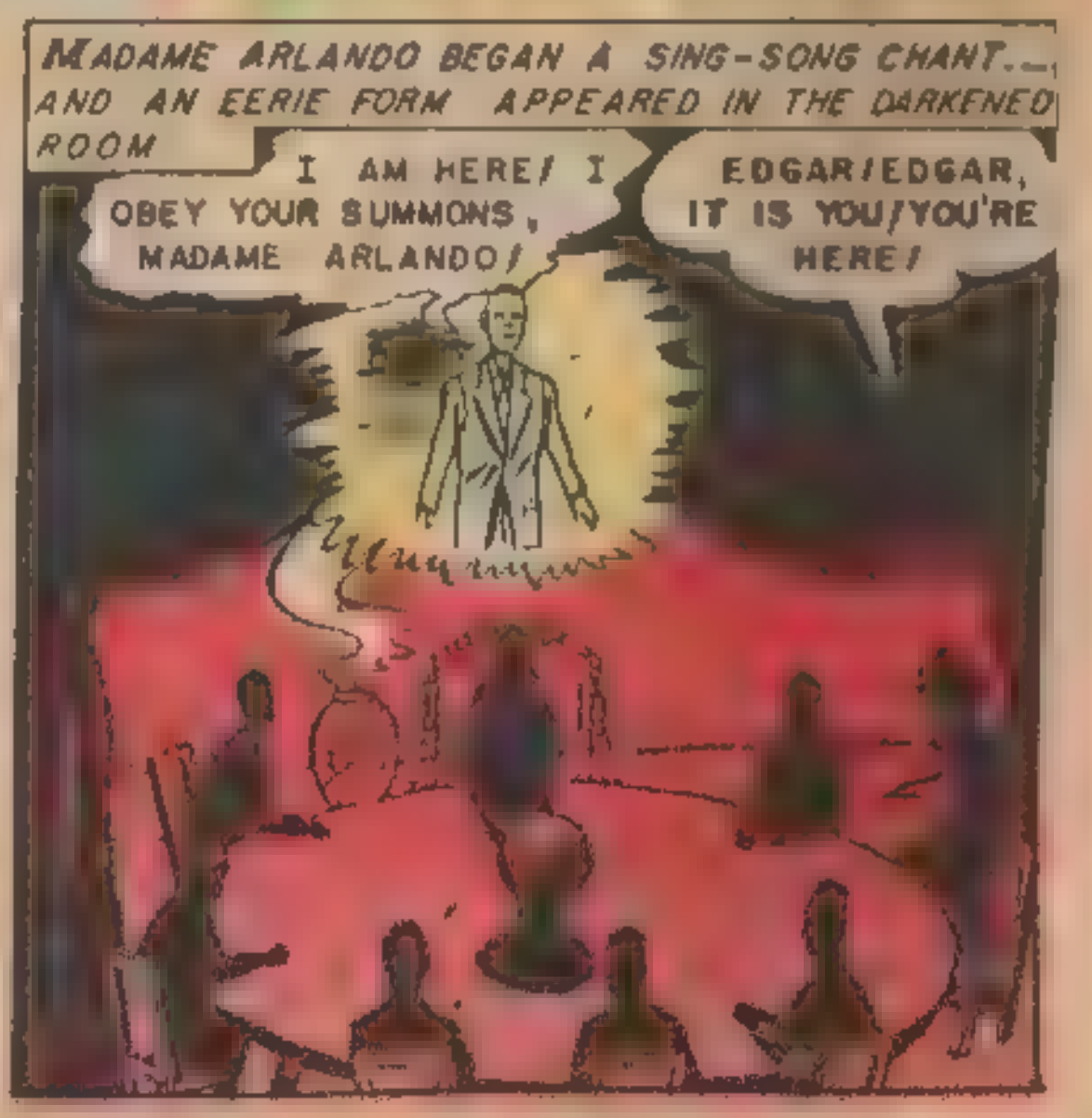
THE GHOSTS SEANCE!



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE PARLOR OF MADAME FLORA ARLANDO A SEANCE IN PROGRESS



MADAME ARLANDO BEGAN A SING-SONG CHANT... AND AN EERIE FORM APPEARED IN THE DARKENED ROOM



THE SEANCE CONTINUED UNTIL MIDNIGHT, AND THEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON...

GOOD NIGHT, MADAME! IT WAS A MARVELOUS SEANCE!

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A MOMENT ALONE WITH YOU!

RECOGNIZE HIM? OF COURSE! HE'S KURT CAMERON, MOVIE IDOL OF A MILLION WOMEN! HE'S BEEN CONSULTING MADAME ARLANDO FOR YEARS..

MADAME, I WISH TO KNOW IF IT IS ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO GO TO SOUTH AFRICA FOR A MOVIE?

WITHOUT A WORD THE MEDIUM SANK INTO A DEEP TRANCE

OH, SPIRITS OF THE UNKNOWN, GIVE ME AN ANSWER! SHOULD KURT CAMERON JOURNEY TO SOUTH AFRICA?

WHAT DO THEY SAY? IS IT ALL RIGHT?

THEY SAY YOU SHOULD NOT GO! THEY SAY THAT DEATH AWAITS YOU IF YOU GO!

KURT WAS STUNNED AS MADAME ARLANDO RELAYED THE SPIRIT MESSAGE

THEY FORBID ME TO GO? IS IT DANGEROUS?

THE SPIRITS SAY THAT MURDER AWAITS YOU IN SOUTH AFRICA! THEY SAY THAT IF YOU GO.. YOU WILL NOT RETURN!

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE OFFICES OF CAPITOL FILMS LTD

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING? EVERYTHING IS IS ALL SET! YOU CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!

BUT, J R I CAN'T GO! MADAME ARLANDO SAYS

I DON'T CARE WHAT THAT SILLY FAKE SAYS! IF YOU REFUSE TO GO, I'LL CANCEL YOUR CONTRACT, YOU'LL BE FINISHED, KURT!

KURT LEFT THE STUDIO IN A DAZE ...WHAT SHOULD HE DO? IF HE REFUSED TO GO, HIS CAREER WAS OVER! AND IF HE DID GO...?

KURT, DARLING, DON'T RUSH OFF WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOOD MORNING TO YOUR FIANCÉ!

SORRY, HONEY, I DON'T SEE YOU!

NANCY MEADOW WAS KURT'S LEADING LADY, BOTH IN THE MOVIES AND OUT! KURT TOLD HER OF HIS DILEMMA

AND SO I TOLD J.R. I WOULDN'T GO!

NOT GO? BUT, DARLING, YOU'LL RUIN YOUR CAREER FOREVER!

IT TOOK ALL MORNING, BUT NANCY FINALLY CONVINCED KURT TO MAKE THE TRIP

ALL RIGHT, NANCY, I'LL DO IT! THERE'S J.R. ... I'LL TELL HIM NOW!

GOOD, HONEY! AND DON'T WORRY, KURT .. NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU! MADAME ARLANDO'S SPIRITS WERE WRONG!

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

NOW YOU'RE USING YOUR HEAD, KURT! EVERYTHING IS ALL SET! THE CAST WILL SAIL NEXT WEEK!

HI, KEN!

'MORNING, EVERYBODY!

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW CLOSE YOU CAME TO LOSING YOUR JOB, WEBSTER! YOUR BOSS ALMOST DECIDED TO GIVE UP MOVIES AND WITHOUT HIM, YOU'RE THROUGH!

YEAH...WITHOUT KURT, I DON'T HAVE A JOB!

KEN WEBSTER WAS KURT'S STAND-IN ... HE'D COME TO HOLLYWOOD HOPING TO BE A STAR BUT HIS CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO KURT, KEPT HIM FROM HIS AMBITION

IF HE HADN'T GOTTEN HERE FIRST, I'D BE THE STAR! I DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK, AND HE GETS ALL THE MONEY!

KEN'S HATRED AND ENVY OF KURT WAS DANGEROUS!

SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT! I'LL BE ON TOP!

THE MOVIE COMPANY SAILED DURING THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS THEY WERE ON LOCATION IN DEEPEST AFRICA.

WILL THE WHITE SAHIB TAKE ZEGRA WITH HIM?

YES, ZEGRA! THE WHITE SAHIB WILL BE HAPPY TO!

OKEY, CUT! NICE WORK, KIDS! WE'LL SHOOT THE RIVER SCENES NEXT!

WHERE'S KEN? WE'LL NEED HIM FOR THESE SHOTS!

HE'S GETTING HIS MAKE-UP ON!

AND IN THE TENT WHERE KEN'S MAKE-UP WAS BEING APPLIED

YOU KNOW, MR. WEBSTER, WITH JUST A FEW CHANGES, I COULD FIX YOUR FACE SO THAT NO ONE COULD TELL YOU FROM MR CALHOUN!

REALLY? THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, JOHN!

AS KEN TOOK KURT'S PLACE FOR THE DANGEROUS SHOTS, THE WORDS OF THE MAKE-UP MAN ECHOED IN HIS EARS

THAT'S IT KEN! KEEP SWINGING!

SURE, "KEEP SWINGING"! IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I BREAK MY NECK!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE REST OF THE COMPANY SLEPT, KEN WENT FOR A WALK IN THE JUNGLE...

IF I COULD QUIETLY GET RID OF KURT, I COULD TAKE HIS PLACE! WITH JOHN'S HELP, NO ONE WOULD KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS

HEY! QUICKSAND! M-MY FOOT

A NEARBY TREE SAVED KEN FROM BEING SUCKED INTO THE DEADLY QUICKSAND TRAP...

WHEW/THANK THE LORD FOR THIS TREE/ I COULD'VE BEEN KILLED/ NO ONE WOULD...WAIT A MINUTE/ THAT'S IT/ THAT'S THE ANSWER/

AND ON THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AS THE DAY'S FILMING WAS BEING COMPLETED

MORE EMOTION, NANCY/ AND YOU, KURT, HOLD HER CLOSER/.

YEAH, KURT. "HOLD HER CLOSER"/IT MAY BE THE LAST TIME/

AS KURT STARTED FOR HIS TENT...

SAY, KURT, I SAW SOMETHING IN THE JUNGLE LAST NIGHT THAT MAY INTEREST YOU/ I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LIKE ORCHIDS...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME BLACK ONES?

BLACK ONES/ WONDERFUL/ TAKE ME TO THEM/

AS KEN LED KURT INTO THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH THE SUN WAS RAPIDLY SINKING ...

I-IS IT FAR, KEN? I WOULDN'T WANT TO GET LOST IN HERE/

DON'T WORRY, I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THE BIG STAR/

WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES IT WAS NIGHT AND KEN WAS READY TO STRIKE

LET'S GO BACK, KEN/ WE'LL DO IT TOMOR

NO, KURT/ WE'LL FINISH WHAT WE STARTED/ KEEP GOING/

SOMETHING IN KEN'S VOICE SUDDENLY FILLED KURT WITH TERROR/ HE REMEMBERED MADAME ARLANDO'S WARNING BUT IT WAS TOO LATE

HERE WE ARE, KURT/ THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING/ RIGHT HERE/

HEY/ WHAT THE QUICKSAND/

KEN, HELP ME/ YOU CAN'T DO THIS/HELP ME/

DON'T CALL ME "KEN," ANYMORE... FROM NOW ON, I'M KURT CAMERON/HA/ HA/ SO LONG, "BOSS/"

AS KURT'S HEAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE SLIMY MUCK, KEN HEARD A VOICE AND FOR AN INSTANT HE WAS PARALYZED WITH FEAR

MADAME ARLANDO! H-HELP ME! I... EAGHHHH, (GLUB)(GLUB)!

WHAT ON EARTH..?

I WARNED YOU, KURT! I FORETOLD YOU OF DEATH!

KEN FLED BACK TO THE CAMP.. BUT HE RE-FUSED TO BELIEVE WHAT HE HAD SEEN..

IT WAS J-JUST NERVES! THERE WAS NO VISION THERE! I-IT'S JUST NERVES!

JOHN, THE MAKE-UP MAN READILY FELL IN WITH KENS PLAN.

HURRY IT UP, JOHN! THEY'LL DISCOVER HE'S MISSING SOON!

JUST A DROP OF DYE TO YOUR HAIR AND THIS WILL BE A PERFECT JOB!

HAIR DYE

BLACK

EVERYTHING WENT OFF WITH-OUT A HITCH "KEN'S" DISAPPEARANCE WAS EASILY EXPLAINED

AND KEN BROUGHT ME INTO THE JUNGLE TO SHOW ME SOME BLACK ORCHIDS! HE WAS LEADING THE WAY AND FELL INTO THE SAND! I TRIED TO PULL HIM OUT BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! HIS RING CAME OFF IN MY HAND!

OH, KJRT, HOW HORRIBLE! POOR KEN!

YEAH, IT'S TOO BAD! BJT WE'VE GOT TO FINISH THE PICTURE! COME ON, KURT!

THE PICTURE WAS FINISHED TWO WEEKS LATER AND THE TROUPE RETURNED HOME! KEN TOOK OVER KURT'S LIFE WITH NO TROUBLE

THERE'S A BUNCH OF AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS WAITING FOR YOU OUT FRONT, MR CAMERON! BETTER USE THE BACK EXIT!

THANKS, POP.. BUT I DON'T MIND THE KIDS IN FACT, I LOVE THEM! HA HA HA!

JOHN WAS PAID HANDSOMELY FOR HIS ROLE IN THE "PERFECT CRIME."

HERE'S YOUR FIRST WEEK'S CHECK, JOHN! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW JOB AS MY OWN MAKE-UP MAN?

I LIKE IT FINE, MR WEB.. MR. CAMERON! YES, $500 A WEEK IS A NICE SALARY!

YES, KEN HAD EVERYTHING HE WANTED

HAVE YOU SEEN MADAM ARLANDO YET, KURT, AND PROVED TO HER THAT SHE WAS WRONG?

NO. I.. ER...I'M GOING OVER ONE NIGHT THIS WEEK!

KEN KNEW OF KURT'S FREQUENT VISITS TO THE MEDIUM... AND TO AVOID SUSPICION, HE WENT TO MADAME ARLANDO'S HOUSE THE FOLLOWING NIGHT.

AFTER A FEW VISITS TO THE OLD FAKE, I CAN STOP COMING!

GOOD EVENING, MADAME!

AS THE LIGHTS DIMMED, KEN FELT STRANGELY NERVOUS AND UNCOMFORTABLE.

GOOD EVENING, SIR! I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

W-WHAT DOES SHE MEAN BY THAT?

AS MADAME ARLANDO WENT INTO HER TRANCE, KEN SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THE VISION AT THE SAND PIT.

I-I MUST BE GOING INSANE...IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HER AT THE PIT!

OH, SPIRIT WORLD, SEND ME THE SPIRIT OF KURT CAMERON! I WANT THE SOUL OF KURT CAMERON!

W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN .I-I'M KURT CAMERON!

KURT CAMERON IS DEAD.. HIS SPIRIT IS HERE!

THE SPIRIT OF KURT CAMERON WISHES REVENGE.. HIS SOUL WILL NOT REST UNTIL THE KILLER IS DEAD!

NO! L-LET GO OF ME! I I'M C-CHOKING EAGHRRRRR!

WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON, KEN'S BODY WAS FOUND SLUMPED IN A CHAIR.

G-GOOD LORD, HE'S DEAD!

THE SPIRITS WILL REST NOW MURDER HAS BEEN REVENGED!

AND SO ENDED THE GHOST'S SEANCE!

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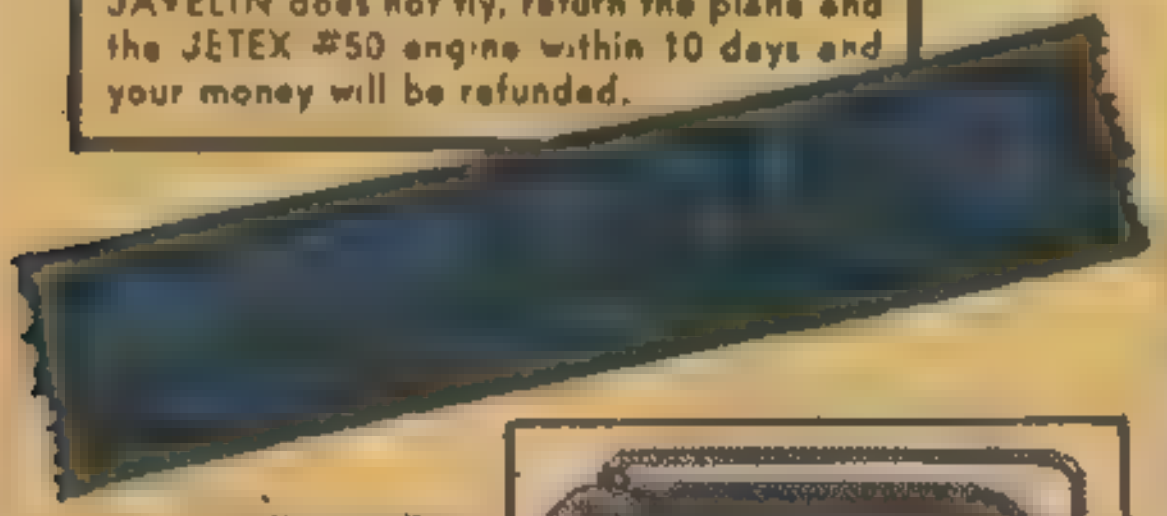

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THE WHIP OF DEATH

By ELLEN LYNN

IT WAS A thin, rawhide whip. It rang screamingly through the air as Chris Morrison unfurled its seven-foot length with a sharp, skillful stroke. He sat perched high on the driver's seat of the coach, with its prancing team of six horses, as they waited for the train to pull into the station.

In the early days of the railroad, it was not a strange sight to see horse-drawn vehicles and trains at the same time. When trains made fifty miles an hour at top speed they sometimes lost a race to a skillful driver of a team.

Such a driver was Chris Morrison. He made a handsome sight holding the reins of his six-horse team from his high seat on the coach. His blond hair glistened in the sunlight and his teeth flashed with the grin of the victor. That morning he won the race against the Midwest Special and in his strong hand was gripped his prize—a long, rawhide whip. The sound of its "crack—crack!" rang out shudderingly as he tested its strength with a thrust of his arm. But Chris never used a whip on his team of horses. They trusted their master and understood him. When he was in a race, just the sound of the whip snapping in midair gave impetus to their flying feet and added still more speed to their gait.

"Ain't this the handsomest whip you did ever see, Adam?" Chris asked, turning to the slight, dark-haired young man beside him on the high perch of the coach.

"Sure is," his assistant answered begrudgingly. His small eyes always seemed half-closed, sleepy, but close observation revealed extraordinarily bright, piercing, pupils behind the lids. They were fastened on the towering figure of Chris and behind his tightened lips his teeth ground together. "That whip is rightfully mine," he was thinking. "Just 'cause Chris sits in the driver's seat, holding the reins, he thinks he won the prize! If only I had a chance—why—I could beat his speed record easily. I know more 'bout handlin' horses than he'll ever know, softy that he is! Won't use the whip on the horses! Pah! I'd make 'em show speed that'd make everyone's eyes pop. . . ."

"There's the train now," Chris interrupted Adam's reveries. "What's the name of the lady we're to meet?"

"Abigail Trent," Adam answered tersely.

The two men watched the people getting off the train and suddenly both perked up. A young lady, exceptionally pretty and pert, stood alone, a bag in each hand, looking about as though searching for someone.

"Think that's Miss Trent?" Chris asked.

Adam started getting down from his seat—"I'll go find out," he offered quickly.

But with a leap and a bound Chris was on the ground before Adam and making his way to the pretty girl. Adam's teeth ground harder than ever—and his eyes looked like mere slits as he saw the two smile at each other and Chris lean forward to take the bags from Miss Trent's hands.

Yes, it was Abigail Trent, and they were to take her back to Silver Landing from where they both came.

"Adam, drive the team, will ya." Chris tossed at Adam over his shoulder as he helped the girl into the coach and followed inside. "You've always wanted to—so here's y'r chance."

Adam climbed up to the high driver's seat with bitter thoughts—"Yea—this is a fine time to let me take over the reins—so you c'n take over the girl!" As he sat there driving, Adam could hear the two of them talking and laughing behind him. Chris was asking her lots of questions. She said she was coming to live with her grandfather, old Jake Trent.

"I am an artist—professionally," she informed Chris. "Would you be willing to sit for me? I'd like you as a subject."

"If you'd just like me, I'd do most anything, Miss Trent," Chris answered and they both laughed. Adam cracked his whip sharply in the air. Chris had left the old whip in the holder; he was holding the prize whip as he sat in the

rear with Miss Trent. "He wouldn't even trust me to handle his new whip," Adam's seething thoughts churned in his head. There was a loud whinny and the coach gave a sudden jerk, as Adam snapped the whip angrily against the sensitive flank of the nearest horse.

"Stop that!" Chris yelled, pulling at Adam's shirt from the interior of the coach. He climbed up through the opening and climbing over Adam took the reins away from him. Adam slid over to his usual seat beside Chris. "What got into you?" Chris asked in astonishment as he calmed the nervous horses and restored them to a steady gait. "Y'know I never allow a whip to be used on horses!"

Adam mumbled, "It wuz a slip."

That was the last time Chris let Adam sit in the driver's seat. Adam's heart burned with hatred and his mind was filled with dreams of the lovely Abigail Trent. Chris always had everything his way. Even Abigail seemed to be captivated by him and they were always going off somewhere together, laughing and clinging, arm in arm They had fallen in love. She would carry an easel which he'd set up for her in some grassy spot and he'd sit against a tree while she painted his picture. He'd always carry his prize whip, which she said would be in the picture when it was finished.

One day Adam was sitting in his seat on the coach waiting for Chris to go on their regular run. Abigail was saying goodbye — "When you get back, Chris, you must sit for me for the last time. And bring the whip—I am going to put it in at the very end." Adam's eyes narrowed. "Such a fuss over that prize whip! I, too, could be a hero with a whip like that," he thought darkly. "And Abigail seems to like heroes Maybe someday I'll get my turn!"

The hero, Chris, swept the pretty Abigail into his arms, gave her a hearty kiss, and jumped into his seat. The whip cracked in the air and the team set off for the run. The trail went through some thickly wooded stretches over high hills. It had been a long time since there had been trouble with, Indians but a suspicious sound made Chris pull in the reins. The horses came to a halt.

They listened. "What d'ya think, Adam? Indians?" Chris whispered.

Adam nodded. "Let's get to the top of this hill —then we can see," he suggested.

Both men jumped off the seat and climbed to the hilltop. Crouching on the ground they saw a band of Indians prowling. A daring idea struck Adam at that moment. As quick as a panther, he fell on Chris plunging his knife deep into his back. With a groan the victim fell over dead.

Adam ran stealthily back to the coach. There was Chris's whip lying on the seat. Wtih a laugh of triumph he cracked it in air and landed a blow on the flanks of the horses. They darted wildly forward. An arrow pierced the coach—but the team soon outdistanced the surprised Indians.

He was close to town when he realized that he must have a good story. Well, he thought, we met up with a band of Indians; they killed Chris, but I escaped. This time *I'll* be the hero. He looked at the prize whip in his hand—and with a surge of hatred hurled this reminder of the man he had killed as far as he could, into a deep thicket. Then Adam continued back to town.

The whole town was shocked by Chris's death at the hands of the Indians. Abigail felt ill and refused to see Adam, though he tried to visit her time and again. After many weeks, he came to call one day and she allowed him to come in. She asked question after question about Chris's death "You're so patient with me, Adam," she said, "This has been a dreadful blow." He replied, "You must know I love you, Abigail. Let me help you forget. Marry me."

Abigail refused. She could not be consoled. The unfinished painting of Chris hung on her living-room wall and when friends urged her to complete it—to paint in the missing whip—her answer was that she would never finish it.

It was a year later that Adam's constant attention and tender concern thawed Abigail's heart. She agreed to marry him. The night she gave her promise, just as she was turned off the light to go to bed, she heard a voice. It startled her, but she listened. "Finish the painting—put in the whip!" Several nights in a row this was repeated. Finally, Abigail set herself to the task and painted in the whip in Chris's hands. She felt happier after this and set the date of the wedding.

The evening before they were to be married, Adam was waiting in the living-room to say goodnight to Abigail—the last time before they would be man and wife. She entered the room and the first thing her eyes fell upon was the painting of Chris. As though it had been cut out with a knife, the whip was missing from the canvas. Then she looked on the floor. Adam lay there, his eyes wide opened for the first time, in the stare of death. Tightly wound around his neck, cutting off his life, was the—Prize Whip!

THE END.

Traitors were meant for GRAVES, and here's a GRAVE tale for YOU! Poor Franz...he found it paid to be a TRAITOR! But he didn't know the price for his treason would be BLOOD... HIS OWN blood! Listen, as Franz tells his story of...

a GRAVEDIGGER'S TERROR!

HIT HIM AGAIN, FRANZ! MAKE HIM BLEED MORE! HIT HIM!

YOU'RE A FOOL, PIERRE! YOUR STUPID BAND OF PATRIOTS HAVEN'T A CHANCE! GIVE US THEIR NAMES, AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GO FREE!

I...I...(GROAN) AM NOT A TRAITOR LIKE (GROAN) YOU, FRANZ!

MY NAME IS FRANZ GERLUI, AND UNTIL 1942 I WAS HAPPY IN MY JOB AS THE GRAVEDIGGER IN THE SMALL FRENCH VILLAGE OF SANSON

GOOD DAY, FRANZ! HOW ARE YOUR FRIENDS, THE CORPSES, TODAY?

THEY ARE FINE, MICHAEL, FINE!

A WEEK LATER THE CEMETERY OFFICIALS DISCOVERED THAT A NEWLY BURIED BODY HAD BEEN UPROOTED AND DESECRATED...

L-LOOK AT THE FANG MARKS IN HIS NECK!

THE WORK OF A V-VAMPIRE!

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE 1942... THEN SUDDENLY HITLER'S NAZI ARMY MARCHED INTO OUR TOWN AND THE VAMPIRE WAS FORGOTTEN

FROM THAT DAY ON, LIFE IN SANSON CHANGED... CHANGED HORRIBLY!

C'MON, OLD MAN! A CONCENTRATION CAMP IS WAITING FOR YOU!

NO! NO! WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING! WE...UGHH!

SHUT UP! HOW DARE YOU QUES-TION THE ACTIONS OF THE THIRD REICH!

AS MY NEW WIFE, FRIEDA, AND I WATCHED OUR NEIGHBORS BEING LED AWAY, WE WERE STRICKEN WITH TERROR!

F-FRANZ, I'M AFRAID! I-I DON'T WANT TO GO TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP!

TRY TO BE BRAVE, MY DEAR!

I DON'T CARE WHAT WE HAVE TO DO... I WON'T BE BEATEN OR KILLED! DO ANY-THING, FRANZ, ANYTHING BUT SAVE US!

I DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS ANYTHING I COULD DO, BUT TWO DAYS LATER

YOU ARE FRANZ GERLUI, THE GRAVE DIGGER?

Y-YES, SIR!

THEY TOOK ME TO THE CAMP'S HEADQUARTERS AND BROUGHT ME BEFORE THE COMMANDER

HERE IS THE GRAVE-DIGGER, HERR COLONEL!

IF YOU WILL COOPERATE, FRENCHMAN, YOU WILL NOT BE HURT! IF YOU REFUSE, OTHERS WILL SHOVEL YOUR BODY INTO A FURNACE!

I-I WILL BE GLAD TO HELP THE GLORIOUS ARMY OF THE THIRD REICH, SIR!

I SEALED MY FATE ON THAT DAY I BECAME A COLLABORATOR .. A TRAITOR TO FRANCE!

I WAS MISERABLE AND I PLANNED TO ESCAPE BUT FRIEDA WAS OVERJOYED WITH MY NEWS.

YOU ARE A WISE MAN! HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!

BUT, FRIEDA, BY WORKING FOR THE NAZIS I'LL BETRAY THE WHOLE VILLAGE!

I DON'T CARE, FRANZ! WE'RE SAFE WE'RE SAFE!

MY NEW JOB BEGAN THE NEXT DAY. IT WAS MY DUTY TO SUPERVISE THE CREMATION OF THE BODIES OF OTHER PRISONERS

YOU WILL CARRY THOSE BODIES TO THE OVEN AND THROW THEM INSIDE! REMOVE ALL CLOTHING AND PLACE IT IN A SEPERATE PILE!

HAVE YOU BECOME A FRIEND OF THE GERMANS, FRANZ?

BUT IF I DO NOT COOPERATE THEY WILL KILL ME!

I WOULD DIE FIRST!

CAN'T YOU GET THESE STUPID DOGS TO WORK, FRANZ?

YOU MUST LEARN TO DISCIPLINE THESE WORTHLESS PIGS, FRANZ... LIKE THIS!

WHAM

Y-YES, SIR!

BEFORE A WEEK HAD PASSED I WAS THE MOST HATED MAN IN SANSON

TRAITOR!

DIRTY TRAITOR!

THE HATRED OF THE VILLAGERS TURNED MY FEELINGS OF GUILT INTO A DESIRE FOR REVENGE! SOON I HAD NO TROUBLE IN "DISCIPLINING" THE PRISONERS

GET UP, YOU LAZY LOAFER! GET TO WORK!

I I CAN'T I'M SICK MY STOMACH!

THIS SHOULD CURE YOU!

MY BRUTALITY TOWARD THE PRISONERS DIDN'T GO UNNOTICED BY THE NAZI COMMANDER

I'VE BEEN HEARING GOOD REPORTS ABOUT YOU, FRANZ! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A PROMOTION?

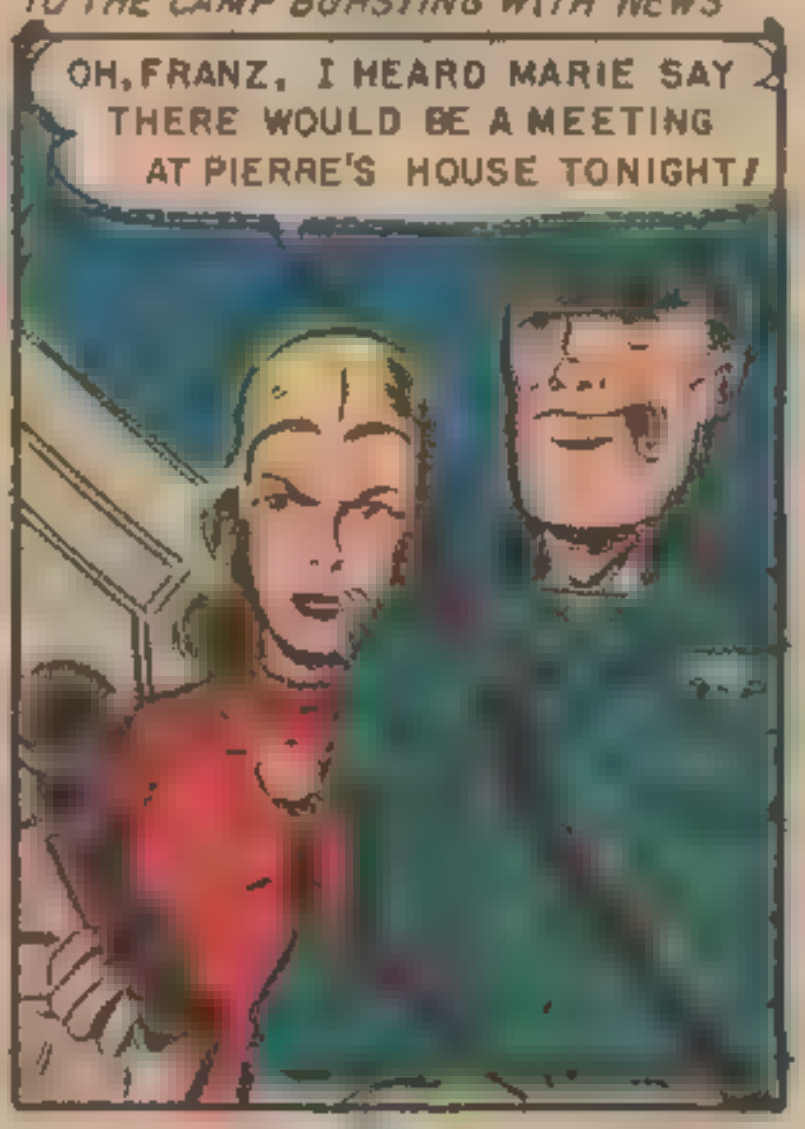
I WOULD BE PROUD TO BE OF FURTHER SERVICE, HERR COLONEL!

MY NEW POSITION WAS WITH THE INTERROGATION SQUAD! COLONEL VonKUPT WAS SURE I COULD MAKE MY EX-VILLAGE FRIENDS SPEAK FREELY..

I QUESTIONED EVERY MAN IN THE VILLAGE BUT WITH NO SUCCESS..

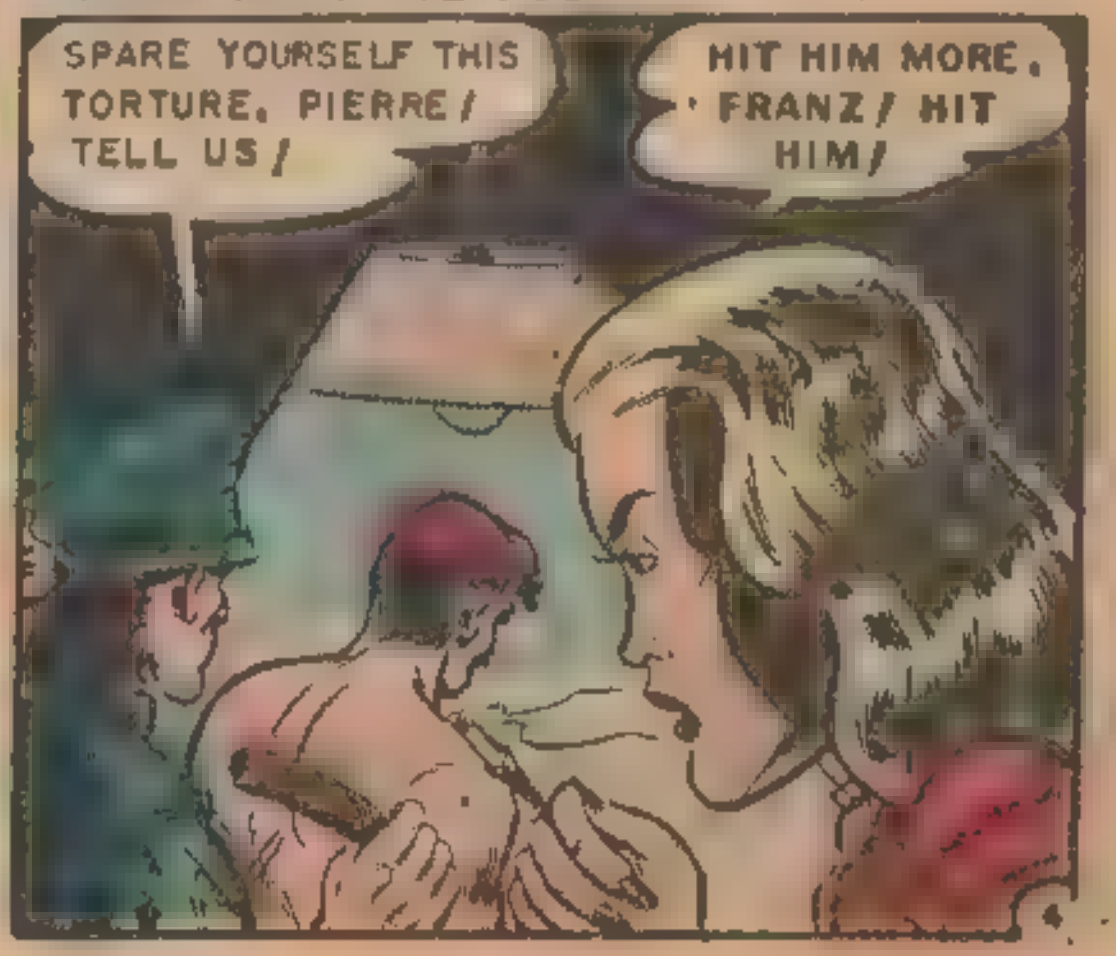
THEN I ENLISTED THE HELP OF FRIEDA! I HAD TO DISCOVER WHERE THE CENTER OF THE UNDERGROUND ACTIVITIES LAY

THREE DAYS LATER FRIEDA RUSHED TO THE CAMP BURSTING WITH NEWS



WHEN THE TROOPERS RAIDED PIERRE'S HOME THAT NIGHT THEY FOUND ONLY PIERRE'S WIFE AND HIM! PIERRE WAS BROUGHT TO HQ

I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT NIGHT...WE USED EVERY METHOD AT OUR DISPOSAL TO MAKE PIERRE "COOPERATE"...



MY SUSPICIONS SHOULD HAVE BEEN AROUSED THAT NIGHT . BUT I WAS TOO BUSY WITH PIERRE TO NOTICE FRIEDA'S ECSTASY AT THE SIGHT OF BLOOD . .

MAKE HIM BLEED MORE, FRANZ! MAKE HIM BLEED!

AS THE COLD DAWN BROKE THE FOLLOWING MORNING, PIERRE TOOK HIS FINAL BREATH .

I I (GROAN) WON'T LET YOU . (GROAN) GET AWAY WITH THIS, FRANZ! I...I'LL..(GROAN) BE BACK! I'LL ... BE ... (GROAN)... BACK.....

AFTER PIERRE'S DEATH, A CHANGE TOOK PLACE IN FRIEDA SHE BECAME ABSORBED WITH VIOLENCE AND BLOODSHED

WERE MANY PRISONERS KILLED TODAY, FRANZ?

FIFTY MEN WERE SHOT IN RETRIBUTION FOR THE KILLING OF A GUARD! WHAT A BLOODY MESS IT WAS!

DURING AN INSPECTION OF THE CREMATORIUM, A FEW DAYS LATER, I FOUND FRIEDA KNEELING OVER A CORPSE.

FRANZ, WHAT IS YOUR WIFE DOING?

I DON'T KNOW, HERR COLONEL! FRIEDA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

OH ER . THE GUARDS D D NOT REMOVE THE GOLD FROM THIS MAN'S TEETH! I...I WISHED TO DO MY DUTY!

IT WAS A SHORT TIME LATER THAT COLONEL VonKUPT MADE FRIEDA A GUARD IN THE WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE CAMP. FRIEDA SEEMED TO TAKE A FANATIC INTEREST IN HER "WORK". . . THE LIGHTS IN THE INTERROGATION WARD BURNED LATE INTO THE NIGHT

NO! DON'T..

YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAVE PROVED LOYAL FOLLOWERS, FRANZ!

THANK YOU, SIR!

TWO YEARS PASSED AND FRIEDA AND I CLIMBED TO EVEN HIGHER RANKS... BUT THEN AN UNBELIEVABLE THING HAPPENED.

AMERICAN PLANES!

H-HOW CAN IT BE? THE COLONEL SAID IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN!

BUT IT HAPPENED - OVER AND OVER AGAIN

THE REALIZATION OF WHAT FACED US IF THE ALLIES WON THE WAR FILLED US WITH FEAR AND TERROR

IF GERMANY FALLS AND THE FRENCH REGAIN SANSON, WE'D BE KILLED, FRIEDA!

WE MUST LEAVE FRANCE! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!

WE DECIDED TO ATTEMPT AN ESCAPE TO SWITZERLAND ..

IT WILL TAKE AT LEAST A WEEK TO OBTAIN THE NECESSARY PAPERS!

WE MUST STAY AWAY FROM THE CAMP! IF THE NAZI'S PLAN A RETREAT, WE'LL BE FORCED TO GO WITH THEM!

I TOLD THE COLONEL THAT FRIEDA WAS ILL. HE GRANTED ME PERMISSION TO REMAIN HOME WITH HER

SO FAR, SO GOOD! HERE ARE THE FORGED VISAS TO ENTER SWITZERLAND! I'LL HAVE THE PASSPORTS IN ANOTHER FEW DAYS!

AS THE ANXIOUS DAYS PASSED I COULD SEE FRIEDA BECOMING MORE NERVOUS AND RESTLESS

FRIEDA, YOU MUST TRY TO RELAX! DON'T THINK OF THE PAST! SOON WE'LL BE SAFE!

I LIKE TO REMEMBER THE PAST! I LIKE TO REMEMBER THE PRISONERS SUFFERING... THE BEATINGS AND THE BLOOD! IT WAS WONDERFUL!

AT TIMES SHE STARED AT ME WITH WILD EYES! AND THEN SHE STARTED TAKING LONG WALKS .. ONE NIGHT I FOLLOWED HER...

SHE'S GOING TOWARD THE VILLAGE CEMETERY! I I WONDER WHY?

I WATCHED FROM OUTSIDE THE CEMETERY .. AND TO MY HORROR I SAW HER DIG UP A BODY FROM A FRESH GRAVE AND KNEEL OVER IT! FINALLY I COULD STAND IT NO LONGER...

FRIEDA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

SO! YOU FOLLOWED ME! WELL, NOW YOU KNOW, FRANZ... AND YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR KNOWLEDGE!

HER TEETH HAD BECOME FANGS AND SHE STARED AT ME GREEDILY, HUNGRILY / YES, AT LAST I KNEW THE TRUTH / FREIDA WAS A

VAMPIRE / YOU'RE A VAMPIRE!

YES, FRANZ / AND I'M HUNGRY HUNGRY FOR YOUR BLOOD /

SHE LEAPED ON ME LIKE A TIGRESS... AND I FELT THOSE HIDEOUS FANGS SINK INTO MY NECK..

BLOOD / BLOOD /

NO / NO / AGHRRRRR /

I GREW WEAK AS I FELT THE BLOOD BEING TAKEN FROM MY BODY / I KNEW I WAS DYING BUT THROUGH THE HAZE I HEARD FRIEDA SCREAM..

PIERRE SOUCI / IT IT CAN'T BE / HE'S DEAD /

THERE THEY ARE THE TRAITORS OF SANSON /

WITH THE LAST OF MY STRENGTH I PULLED MYSELF UP AND THERE BEFORE MY DISBELIEVING EYES WAS THE ROTTING DECAYING CORPSE OF PIERRE SOUCI /

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE / MY DEATH WILL BE REVENGED /

NO / NO / STAY AWAY FROM ME /

I WON'T LET YOU GET ME / YOU'RE DEAD / YOU CAN'T OHHHHH /

AS THE BLACKNESS OF DEATH OVERCAME ME, I SAW FREIDA FALL ON TOP OF THE PICKET FENCE.. SHE DIED FITTINGLY.. WITH A STAKE THROUGH HER HEART /

AGHRRRRR!

SANSON IS REVENGED / THE VAMPIRE AND HER HUSBAND ARE DEAD /

HEH HEH WHEN THE VILLAGERS CAME TO THE CEMETERY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THEY FOUND A GORY SIGHT.. HEH... HEH .. HEH /

WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE BUTCHERS OF SANSON? THEY ARE BOTH DEAD /

IT IS VERY STRANGE LOOK AT THIS DISK / ALL NAZI PRISONERS WERE FORCED TO WEAR THEM / HOW COULD THIS HAVE GOTTEN HERE?

THE END

OUT FRONT, THE CIRCUS THRONGS SHRIEKED WITH EXCITEMENT AND GAIETY... LITTLE KNOWING THAT *DEATH* AND *TERROR* LURKED BEHIND THE BIG TOP SCENE! THE LIONS ROARED WITH RAGE AND FURY AS THE WHITE-COATED TRAINER STEPPED INTO...

THE CAGE OF HORROR!

LAAAADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! ON MY RIGHT, FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT, STANDS MARCO VANCE... THE WORLD'S GREATEST LION TAMER! HE'LL THRILL YOU, CHILL YOU, WITH HIS DARING FEATS!

AS MARCO VANCE STEPPED INTO THE LIONS' CAGE THE CROWD WAS UNAWARE OF THE FEAR IN HIS HEART...

K-KEEP YOUR PLACES!

I-I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF! I CAN'T LET THEM SEE I... I'M FRIGHTENED!

NO ONE... NOT EVEN MARCO'S SWEET-HEART SUSPECTED THE TRUTH...

I ADORE MARCO'S COURAGE... I COULD NEVER LOVE A COWARD!

YOU COULDN'T ASK FOR A BRAVER GUY, LOLA!

AFTER TWENTY MINUTES, AND THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE, MARCO MADE HIS WAY OUT OF THE CAGE...

OH, DARLING, YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT.'

T-THANK YOU LOLA.

INSIDE THE SECURITY OF HIS WAGON, MARCO GAVE VENT TO HIS HIDDEN FEARS AND ALARMS...

H-HOW LONG CAN I KEEP THIS UP? HOW LONG CAN I FOOL EVERYONE? THE LIONS ARE BEGINNING TO SENSE IT ALREADY.'

I-IF I QUIT, HOW WOULD I MAKE A LIVING? LOLA WOULD HATE ME.' SHE DESPISES A COWARD.' I-I'D BE RUINED.'

BUT MARCO'S DECEPTION COULD NOT GO ON FOREVER. TEN DAYS LATER AT THE EVENING PERFORMANCE...

GO OUT THERE AND GIVE THAT CROWD A REAL SHOW, HONEY.'

SURE, LOLA, SURE.'

THE AUDIENCE SCREAMED AND ROARED AS MARCO ENTERED THE CAGE...

GET OVER THERE, CONGO! STAY, KING.'

THEY'RE NERVOUS ALL RIGHT.'

FOR A WHILE IT SEEMED AS IF MARCO HAD THE FEROCIOUS BEASTS UNDER CONTROL...

JUMP, SULTAN.'

BUT THEN HE MADE HIS MISTAKE... A FATAL MISTAKE. HE TURNED HIS BACK ON VULCAN, THE BIGGEST OF THE LIONS...

MARCO! LOOK OUT! VULCAN'S CROUCHED!

GRRRR!

MARCO WHIRLED ABOUT, ALMOST PARALYZED WITH TERROR...

NO! NO! HELP! HELP!

MARCO WAS SO FROZEN WITH FEAR THAT HE DIDN'T HEAR THE SHOT FIRED BY THE ATTENDANT. VULCAN CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR IN A HEAP...

LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT! D-DON'T (SOB) LET THEM GET ME!

HE WAS LED FROM THE ARENA TREMBLING AND SHAKEN. THE CROWD WAS NO LONGER FOOLED.. THEY KNEW THE TRUTH ABOUT MARCO...

D-DON'T MAKE ME GO BACK IN THERE! I CAN'T STAND IT... I CAN'T STAND IT!

COWARD! COWARD!

YOU'RE AFRAID!

AS MARCO TRIED TO PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER IN HIS WAGON, HE HAD A VISITOR... FRANK CURTIS, THE CIRCUS OWNER..

YOU'RE WASHED UP, MARCO! THERE ISN'T A CIRCUS IN THE COUNTRY THAT WOULD TAKE YOU NOW.

BUT, MR. CURTIS, YOU CAN'T JUST KICK ME OUT! I'LL DO ANYTHING.. TAKE ANY JOB!

YOU CAN HAVE A JOB FEEDING THE LIONS AND CLEANING OUT THEIR STALLS IF YOU WANT IT! THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO!

I WON'T.. A-ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT.

AND WHEN MARCO WENT TO SEE LOLA AFTER HER ACT...

L-LOLA, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

WELL, I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU, COWARD!

LOLA, YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT! I LOVE YOU AND I...

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU MILKSOP! I WANT A *REAL* MAN... NOT YOU!

MARCO'S "NEW JOB" BEGAN THE FOLLOWING DAY. IT WAS DIRTY WORK AND HE HATED IT...

EAT, YOU VICIOUS VULTURES, EAT.

I USED TO BE THE *STAR* OF THIS SHOW... HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED TO ME?

A NEW LION TAMER WAS HASTILY HIRED.. AND A LARGE PARTY WAS GIVEN IN HIS HONOR

TO ERIC FABER... THE NEW STAR OF MY SHOW!

TO ERIC.

ERIC

BUT THERE WAS ONE AT THE PARTY WHO DIDN'T SHARE IN THE MERRIMENT...

ALREADY LOLA IS FALLING FOR THE JERK! HE'S PROBABLY A LOUSY TRAINER.

BUT MARCO WAS WRONG... ERIC FABER PROVED HIMSELF TO BE AN EXCELLENT LION TAMER!

HE'S TERRIFIC! LOOK AT THOSE CATS JUMP! THEY KNOW WHO'S BOSS NOW!

WAIT 'TILL TONIGHT! THE CROWDS WILL LOVE HIM! HE'S SO YOUNG AND HANDSOME AND *BRAVE!*

SNAP

AND THE CROWDS DID LOVE HIM.. IN FACT, THEY WENT WILD OVER HIM!

BRAVO!

HOORAY!

THAT NIGHT, AS HE TOOK A LONELY WALK, MARCO'S BATTERED PRIDE RECIEVED THE FINAL BLOW...

LOLA, DARLING, I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU!

OH, YES, ERIC, YES! AND I LOVE YOU TOO!

LITTLE SLEEP CAME TO MARCO THAT NIGHT... HIS BRAIN WAS AFLAME WITH ANGER AND RESENTMENT...

I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT! HE'S STOLEN EVERYTHING... MY JOB, MY GIRL... EVERYTHING! THERE MUST BE A WAY TO STOP HIM! IT'S MINE... MINE... *AND I WANT IT ALL BACK!*

BEFORE DAWN CAME MARCO HAD A PLAN... A DEADLY PLAN!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL IDEA, *HA, HA!* THOSE CATS WILL TEAR HIM INTO A HUNDRED PIECES! *HA HA HA HA!*

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WHILE HE WAS WORKING THE LIONS, MARCO STOLE INTO ERIC'S WAGON...

AH, THESE ARE JUST WHAT I WANTED! THE LIONS WILL KNOW WHOSE SCENT THIS IS!

AND THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE CIRCUS WAS BEDDED DOWN, MARCO PAID THE LIONS A VISIT...

A FEW HARD POKES WITH THIS POLE WILL DO IT! THE POLE WILL HURT THE DEVILS... AND THEY'LL GET ERIC'S SCENT FROM THE CLOTHES!

ROARR

TAKE THAT... AND THAT, YOU BEASTS! AFTER A WEEK WITHOUT ANY FOOD, YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE... *AND TEAR ERIC LIMB FROM LIMB!*

KROOM

EVERY NIGHT MARCO JABBED AT THE ANIMALS, AND AFTER A FEW DAYS WITHOUT FOOD, THEY WERE WILD WITH HUNGER AND ANGER...

I WONDER IF ANYTHING'S WRONG WITH THE CATS? THEY'VE BEEN HARD TO HANDLE LATELY!

DON'T TALK THAT WAY, ERIC! YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE AFRAID... AND I DON'T LIKE COWARDS!

ERIC DIDN'T WANT TO DISPLEASE LOLA AND SO HE STEPPED INTO THE CAGE WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD...

I KNEW YOU WERE BRAVE, DARLING... I KNEW NOTHING WOULD STOP YOU!

POOR ERIC... HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! THE SCENT OF ERIC'S CLOTHES AND THEIR RAVENOUS HUNGER DROVE THE LIONS INSANE WITH RAGE...

THE CROWD AND THE ATTENDANTS WERE SHOCKED WITH HORROR! MARCO SAW THE CHANCE TO REGAIN HIS STARDOM...

GET BACK THERE! BACK! BACK!

ERIC'S BODY WAS CARRIED FROM THE CAGE... HE WAS DEAD! FOR A MOMENT THE CROWD WAS SILENT... BUT THEN, A MIGHTY CHEER AROSE... A CHEER FOR MARCO!

HOORAY FOR MARCO! HOORAY!

WELCOME BACK, MARCO! BRAVO!

YES, MARCO'S PLAN WORKED PERFECTLY! ERIC WAS OUT OF THE WAY, HE WAS ONCE AGAIN A STAR, AND...

STILL THINK I'M A COWARD, DARLING?

OH, NO, MARCO, NO! FORGIVE ME, DARLING!

AUTIFUL
RACK
IDER

AFTER HE LEFT LOLA, MARCO WENT FOR A WALK... HE WANTED TO HIS FINAL "RESPECTS" TO ERIC...

I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR NEW "CAGE" COMFORTABLE, ERIC! HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

THAT NIGHT THE CIRCUS WAS VIBRANT WITH EXCITEMENT AND GAIETY. THE BAND BLARED, THE CLOWNS CHEERED, AND THE ACTS RAN SMOOTHLY... THE CIRCUS WAS AT ITS BEST...

NOT DOGS! PEANUTS! POPCORN!

MOMMY, LOOK AT THE MIDGETS!

AND THE CLOWNS! LOOK AT THE CLOWNS!

HOT DOGS! PEANUTS! POPCORN!

THE CEMETERY WAS LOCATED NOT FAR FROM THE CIRCUS GROUNDS... AND ON THAT NIGHT, THE MUSIC AND CHEERS WERE CLEARLY HEARD IN ONE OF THE GRAVES...

THE CIRCUS NOISES WERE LIKE A COMMAND WHICH CALLED TO ONE OF THE CORPSES...

IT MOVED SLOWLY, PAINFULLY... BUT DETERMINEDLY...

IT DRAGGED SLOWLY ONWARD... ONWARD... ONWARD...

TWO HOURS LATER, THE CIRCUS WAS CLOSED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT AND MARCO PREPARED FOR BED...

I'LL BE GLAD TO GET INTO... *HEY!* T-THE DOOR... I-IT'S OPENING...

E-ERIC! ***NO! NO! YOU'RE DEAD!***

YES, MARCO... I'M DEAD! AND YOU WILL BE TOO IN A FEW MINUTES!

MARCO STRUGGLED, BUT TO NO AVAIL! THE CORPSE WAS STRONG... AS STRONG AS **DEATH**! MARCO WAS DRAGGED INTO THE LION'S CAGE...

ERIC! NO! LET ME GO!

NO, MARCO! I'LL HAVE NO PITY... JUST AS YOU HAD NO PITY FOR ME!

WHEN THEY FOUND THE REMAINS OF MARCO IN THE MORNING IT WASN'T A PRETTY SIGHT! HIS BODY WAS TORN TO SHREDS, HIS FACE, AN UNRECOGNIZABLE MASS OF BLOODY AND CLAWED FLESH...

G-GOOD LORD... HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED?

W-WHY (SOB) WOULD IT HAPPEN (SOB) T-TO SUCH A ***BRAVE*** MAN?

THE END

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